

DAPPER YOUNG HOTEL THIEF.

HAD GOOD MANNERS, A TUXEDO AND A FINE BURGLAR'S KIT.

Calmus Left Trail of Satchels and Rifled Jewel Boxes—Confesses Thieft—Won't Tell Who He Is for Family's Sake—New to Police—Overworked the Game.

When the police bagged on Friday night at the Hotel Netherland the young hotel thief who conceals his identity under the name of John Calmus they got an unusual sort of prisoner. He admitted that he had robbed several hostilities where he was accepted as a guest without suspicion, but refused to tell who he was, because he said it would bring disgrace on his family.

At Police Headquarters, after he was photographed and measured yesterday, it was found that he had never been in the hands of the police before, and he declared that until last November he had led an honest life. What gave him the idea of robbing hotels he declined to say.

Calmus, of whatever his name is, does not look at all like a crook. He says he is only 21 years old and apparently tells the truth in that regard. He is a good looking young fellow, is apparently well educated and dresses and talks like a gentleman. This fact enabled him to operate as he did in good hotels.

The police put him through the third degree yesterday, and he admitted that he was guilty of four hotel robberies which had been reported to the police upon after they were discovered.

On Feb. 12 he got \$400 in jewels from the room of a Mrs. Kochersberger, a guest in the Manhattan Square Hotel. His next haul was at the Hotel Flanders on March 11, when he got \$1,250 worth of diamonds and jewelry belonging to George W. Moore. On March 12 Calmus had the greatest day of his career, when he was a guest at two different hotels and robbed a room in each of them. At the Hotel St. Andrews he stole \$1,250 worth of valuables from A. P. Penny, and at the Hotel Gallatin he got away with jewelry valued at \$500 belonging to G. Wilson.

"Did you rob any other hotels?" asked Acting Inspector G. Brien.

"Well, I took some stuff at the New Amsterdam," he replied.

The police had not heard of this robbery. O'Brien telephoned to the hotel and learned that a guest, who later went abroad, reported that he had been robbed some time ago. The hotel people said they did not learn what the amount of his loss was. At the hotel Calmus sometimes represented himself as a college student. He usually asked to see several rooms and chose one next door to a room he knew to be occupied by a thief. Calmus was a locked connecting door between so much the better. By listening intently he was able to learn when the guest in the adjoining room went out, and then he got to work with his skeleton keys and burglar's tools. After carrying out a robbery he usually left in a hurry, leaving satchels or suit cases, which were the only baggage he ever had, and falling to pay his board bill.

He lived at some of the hotels for several days before he succeeded in carrying out his plans, and in some of them he paid up accommodations during the night. He always carried a tuxedo in the evening and created a favorable impression.

News of his operations soon passed to all the leading hotels in the city, however, and a description of him was sent out. It was this that caused the detective at the Netherland to recognize him and brought about his arrest.

When the police had the young thief safely looked up, he made a tour of the hotels where he had operated and collected the satchels and suit cases which he had abandoned. In a bag in his room in the Netherland they found a bunch of about fifty keys of different sizes, some of which were filled out. This showed that Calmus was a "dope" thief.

Calmus recently stayed at the Gilsey House and, although no robbery was committed there, so far as can be learned, he left two dress suit cases full of stuff a burglar might use in his business. The cases were found a lot of skeleton keys, a dark brown wig, a soft hair brush, a crown such as some college students wear, and a complete set of burglar's tools, including a "monkey," a number of very thin sawed different sized wire, a pair of blackjack and a pair of brass knuckles. The police have not yet learned that he ever made use of the named articles. Calmus used various names in the hotels. Some of these are "Howard Berry," "J. F. Standing," and "J. T. Standing."

He was arraigned yesterday in the Jefferson Market police court before Magistrate Steinert, charged with the Kochersberger robbery and was remanded to Headquarters until next Tuesday.

Only one remark was made among Calmus's effects. The name and address it bore are fictitious and the police are withholding the name of the pawnbroker who lent it to him.

With the arrival of the last pair of Rocky Mountain goats the society has four of these rare animals, a number sufficient to constitute a "band." Never before have more than two been exhibited together. At present all are in excellent health, but it is not expected that any of them can live on the Atlantic coast long enough to breed.

The California condor was engaged about two months ago, but its shipment from the warmth of southern California had to be delayed until mild weather. It was procured in its home country by R. E. Follett, and brought by him personally to New York. The young bird is a year old, and its parent is smaller than the adult South American condor that has lived in the park ever since opening day. Its wing expanse is apparently about four feet, and it is fully grown the spread should be eleven feet.

This, the largest North American bird of prey, is almost certain to be totally exterminated within a few years. It is doubtful if the total number of individuals now living exceeds fifty, and it is fairly certain that the birds are being destroyed for their skins much faster than they breed.

The very latest arrival is a big white gyrfalcon, one of the rarest and handsomest of the Arctic birds of prey and never taken either dead or alive, save by a fortunate accident. This bird flew aboard the steamer Ciria di Milano, in mid-ocean, about 80 miles north off the coast of Newfoundland.

The white gyrfalcon is essentially a bird of the Arctic regions; never venturing south except when blown by severe storms. But on other of these falcons is known in captivity, being in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. Even the great London Zoo has never had a white gyrfalcon in its collection.

TOOK HIS PAY IN COFFINS.

Agent Induces Undertaker to Insure by Accepting First Premium in Trade.

OWENSBORO, Ky., March 25.—On account of the great competition among insurance agents in Owensboro, Boyd Milhouse, an agent, to-day accepted a commission from an undertaker to take the first premium on the policy in coffin and burial fixtures if the undertaker would insure his life with the agent's company.

The contract was drawn up and the policy delivered. The insurance agent at present is in the best of health.

CROOK SQUEALS ON HIS PAL.

Goes to Prison Himself to Make Sure of His Revenge.

CHICAGO, March 25.—Charles Harris and Henry Miller were sentenced to-day to the Joliet penitentiary for an indefinite period for burglary. The trial showed that Harris had come to Chicago from New York for the express purpose of assisting in sending Miller to prison.

Harris sacrificed himself in order to accomplish his purpose. Miller informed against him in New York and had arrested in sending him to prison for a crime he committed in that city. Miller denied that he was guilty of the burglary in Chicago. Harris then caused surprise by pleading guilty and then making a confession in which he implicated Miller in the crime.

Harris is 34 years of age and has spent a considerable portion of his life in prison. He served three terms in Sing Sing, three terms on Blackwell's Island, two terms in the House of Correction, New York, and one term in the House of Correction, Chicago.

SIX NEW ENGLAND JOHNSONS.

James Gibson Johnson, D. D., the Third of the Brothers to Go.

James Gibson Johnson, D. D., of Farmington, Conn., whose death is announced from Washington, was one of a group of six brothers, natives of Plymouth county, Mass., all of whom in one way or another have been of service to the Government. They came of unadulterated New England stock, none of their ancestors having come to Massachusetts later than 1700. Their grandfather, Jeremiah Johnson, served through the Revolution and the War of 1812. Their father, Lorenzo Dow Johnson, was referred to by Lincoln as "the Chaplain-General of the Army," because of his work in Washington and at the front throughout the war. Their mother was a Rhode Island Burges, granddaughter of a Revolutionary Minute Man, sister of a Chief Justice of the Rhode Island Supreme Court and a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. "Big Eagle" Johnson, the third of the six brothers, is now living. Arnold Burges Johnson of Washington has been for thirty-six years the executive head of the Light-House Board. He was Charles Sumner's secretary in the latter years of the great Senator's life, and held him in his arms when he was dying. Dr. Joseph Taber Johnson, a lawyer of New York, member of the Committee of Seventy at the time of Mayor Strong's administration, served the Government as Consul-General in Syria and as special commissioner to Jaffa and Cyprus. The youngest of the Johnsons, Dr. J. G. Johnson, was in Congress the last year of his life, and was a delegate of various medical congresses, was a surgeon during a part of the war. J. Augustus Johnson, a lawyer of New York, member of the Committee of Seventy at the time of Mayor Strong's administration, served the Government as Consul-General in Syria and as special commissioner to Jaffa and Cyprus. The youngest of the Johnsons, Dr. J. G. Johnson, was in Congress the last year of his life, and was a delegate of various medical congresses, was a surgeon during a part of the war. J. Augustus Johnson, a lawyer of New York, member of the Committee of Seventy at the time of Mayor Strong's administration, served the Government as Consul-General in Syria and as special commissioner to Jaffa and Cyprus.

Dr. J. G. Johnson's death was preceded by that of his next youngest brother, Lorenzo M. Johnson, who died in 1900. The brothers had been the first of the group to go. John Burges Johnson was the youngest Captain in the army at the time of his death in 1890, having won his commission at the age of fifteen and been promoted before he was seventeen. Of these six brothers all have sustained the family tradition and are now serving or have served the Government.

VICTOR C. VANT-WOUD DEAD.

Rubber Merchant Succumbs to Heart Failure in a Trolley Car.

Victor C. Vant-Woud, 35 years old, president of the Vant-Woud Rubber Company of 33 Reade street, died suddenly yesterday forenoon of heart failure in a Brooklyn trolley car, while on his way to his home at 617 Hancock street.

He was a native of the Borough Hall and came to New York before he had reached the De Kalb avenue crossing. The car was stopped and an ambulance summoned, but he died before his arrival. Two policemen, assisted by a woman passenger, carried the body to the ambulance, in which it was taken to the police station.

Mr. Vant-Woud had been in poor health for some time and had made arrangements to take an early trip to Canada. He is survived by a wife and a daughter.

Obituary Notes.

Capt. John J. Berry, a former Tax Commissioner, Chosen Freeholder and popular National Guardsman in Newark, N. J., died yesterday morning of a stroke of paralysis which occurred a little over a week ago. He is survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters. Capt. Berry was born in Tipperary, Ireland, 12 years ago, and came to this country when 20 years old. He enlisted in the First Regiment as a private in 1874 and was made captain of Company A in 1888, resigning in 1894. He served two years as a Tax Commissioner from his appointment in 1895, and at the close of his term was made secretary of the board and remained in that position until 1903. After that he became prominent in the business life of Newark.

He was active in Irish-American organizations and was instrumental in bringing to the United States the United Irish League and spreading it here.

Lindley F. Seaman, son of the late Valentine Seaman, died yesterday evening at the Hotel Ferris, a home in Poughkeepsie, the residence of his cousin. He was 40 years old and had a wide circle of friends in this city, where for many years he was engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He is survived by two brothers, Major Louis Seaman, M. D., of New York City, and the Hon. John Seaman, of Chicago, and a sister, Miss China, one of the most conspicuous social figures in Chicago.

George Mead, proprietor of Mead's Mountain Home, on the slope of the Overlook Mountain, in the town of Woodstock, died Friday night at the age of 70. He was the pioneer in accommodating summer visitors in the south end of the Catskills, and his hotel, on account of its accessibility and the picturesque scenery, became a favorite stopping place for the summer months. Mr. Mead and his wife were several times to accommodate them. He has entertained many prominent people, including Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. George H. Sharpe and Charles A. Dana. He is survived by one son, William S. Mead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brainerd, the portrait painter, died Friday morning. She was born in Middleboro, Mass. After her husband's death she came to New York and lived in the city for many years. She was a member of the New York Art Association and the National Academy of Design. She is survived by one son, William S. Mead.

Richard Craghead Kimball, a retired cigar manufacturer, died on Friday at his home, 100 John's place, Brooklyn, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a member of the society of Odd Fellows. He is survived by one son, John C. Kimball.

PRISONER WAS YOUNG JAFFRAY.

WHO WAS ARRESTED AT SHERRY'S AFTER HIS FEED.

Magistrate Crane Talks of Turning Him Over to a Probation Officer, but Finally Paroles Him—Brisben Walker's Son, One of the Party, Pays Sherry's Bill.

The young man who went into Sherry's on Friday night, ordered a supper which he couldn't pay for and was arrested by way of collecting the bill turned out yesterday to be Howard Somerville Jaffray, Jr., of Irvington-on-the-Hudson. He gives his age as 17. His male companion, who, with two young women, made up the party, is said by Jaffray to be Wilfred Walker, 22 years old, son of John Brisben Walker, the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

On Friday afternoon young Jaffray left Irvington in an automobile. On Friday evening he was with a theatre party at the New Amsterdam Theatre and supper at Sherry's on canvasback duck and champagne. On Saturday morning he was trying to convince Magistrate Crane that he shouldn't be paroled in the custody of the probation officer, "like any other juvenile offender," said the Magistrate.

Young Jaffray appeared in court in a brown suit which was slightly wrinkled from a session with the prison benches. He was down on the police books as "James Johnson of Newark." It took only a few swift, pointed questions from the Magistrate to get the real name out of him.

"What's a Jaffray?" said Magistrate Crane. "Are you a son of the Jaffray who used to keep a store on Broadway?"

"No, his grandson."

"Why didn't you give your name at first?"

"Because I was afraid of getting my name in the papers. I didn't want my family to be disgraced."

"Well, it seems to me that you've disgraced them enough yourself. What happened?"

Jaffray said that he and Walker scouted down from Irvington in an auto. They met two young women by appointment, the party went to the New Amsterdam and afterward to Sherry's for supper. It was a case of the usual bottle and bird, with a cocktail prelude. Walker had been paying for the time, and Jaffray supposed that he was still paying. Presently Walker excused himself.

"I supposed that he was coming back," said Jaffray. "I really didn't take any special notice, because I was dazed, until the manager came up and shook my shoulder and asked me to pay and leave. The bill was \$25.00."

Jaffray was strangled. He explained that. They took him to the office and forced him to search himself. He didn't have enough money to buy a gangplank at it to cross a steamer. He also carried two pantaloons—for what was not explained. Walker was missing, so they pinched young Jaffray. The two young women were permitted to depart. "No one knows just how they got home."

Manager Guggenheim got the attention of the Court just here. He didn't want to prevent the complaint, to which he would rather drop it quietly, for the other young man had come around and settled the bill. The Magistrate wouldn't drop it, though. He forced Guggenheim to change the complaint from defrauding an innkeeper to disorderly conduct. After which he laced young Jaffray with a terrific judicial lecture.

"What do you mean?" he said, "by loafing around New York, ordering meals, and not paying for them and spending your money in a way that is a disgrace to your family?"

"I've made a promise not to drink any more until New Year's," he said. "I've made a promise for a boy of your age to have to make. I suppose you also make cigarettes?"

"My brother, E. S. Jaffray, who was in court, explained that the boy had promised his mother to leave off cigarettes."

"Cigarettes and liquor at your age," said the Magistrate. "They are enough to ruin any young man's character. We have a reformatory for such young offenders as you. I think that's the place for you."

E. S. Jaffray interposed a plea for his brother.

"The boy's father is ill," he said.

"I am sorry," replied the Magistrate. "but I'm kinder to boys who are. When a boy of your family gets into a fix like this he parades him in the custody of a probation officer. He has to keep straight and report every week and if he fails to report he goes to the reformatory. I don't see why we should make any exception with a boy of rich family."

"But he lives in Irvington, not New York," said the prisoner's brother, and the family is far from rich." The Magistrate thought awhile.

"He lives in your custody for two months," he said, "if you'll agree to keep him straight."

Howard Somerville Jaffray, Jr., left the court with the attitude of a young man who has had most of the starch taken out of him.

THE DRIEST OF TOWNS.

It Is No License, and All of the Wells Have Gone Dry.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., March 25.—Crystal Lake, on the border of Washington county, N. Y., and Vermont State, which supplies the town of Poughkeepsie, Vt., has gone dry. There are few wells in the town, and these are practically dried up. The town is no longer a license, and the residents are to quote their own words, "awful bad off for something to drink."

GRAPE-NUTS.

That Restores and Makes Health Possible.

There are stomach specialists as well as eye and ear and other specialists. One of these told a young lady of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation. I took quantities of medicine, and had an idea I was dieting, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter."

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life. I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest, and that the cereals which I had tried had been too heavy. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality."

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Where Comfort

Is Essential

is the entire motif in our original creations for the perfect Library.

Toward this simple principle we have "built up" a number of fine things that express a decided meaning for individuality above the commonplace.

The Kensington sofa with its sense of ease—the foot-cushioned Haddon Chair—the "Inglebrook Settle"—the John Adams Table—are pieces that bear a distinct charm for pure design and strength of purpose.

Grand Rapids Furniture

(Incorporated)

34th Street, West, Nos. 155-157

"MINUTE FROM BROADWAY."

WOMAN SLEUTH'S LOVE QUEST

THINKS SWEETHEART NOT DEAD, BUT WANDERING INSANE.

Mrs. Dyckman, Who Traps Spook Doctors, Will Search the West for Man She Wrote to—Vanished in St. Louis After a Fire—Body Seat East Was Not His.

Mrs. Nellie Dyckman of 127 West Sixty-second street, one of the county medical society's detectives, who has been instrumental recently in bringing to justice several fake doctors who sell spook remedies, is looking for her fiancé, Edward Sheahan. He was reported to have lost his life in St. Louis on Nov. 20 last, but Mrs. Dyckman firmly believes that he is alive and suffering from amnesia. She believes he is wandering about the Middle West in an unbalanced mental condition, unable to give an account of himself or to reach his friends. She says she is going to devote her life to the work of finding him.

Sheahan boarded at the same address as Mrs. Dyckman. He was a Pullman car conductor, and had one of the best runs in the East, going from New York to St. Louis. On Nov. 21 last he left on his regular trip West, after bidding good-by to his sweetheart and assuring her he would return on his regular run. On the night of Nov. 20 he was asleep in the Pullman supply house, on Twenty-first street, near the Union Depot, St. Louis, when the building caught fire and was destroyed. Eighty other conductors were also asleep in the building, and a tramp is supposed to have been in the place. Sheahan was seen by his fellow conductors fleeing from the building after the alarm was sounded, but when the fire was out he was not to be found. A charred body was discovered among the ruins in the middle of a conflagration. One of his most marked characteristics, Mrs. Dyckman says, was a great fear of accidents and sudden injury. He rode back and forth on his car. The sudden realization that he was at last actually in great peril, Mrs. Dyckman thinks, unbalanced his mind.

When she read in the papers a recent dispatch about a strange man who jumped on an empty locomotive on the outskirts of Chicago, and ran away, she recognized the man. Although she has found no trace of Sheahan so far, she says she will keep right on if it takes her years.

She thinks Sheahan is now suffering from mental disorder because of the shock that must have come to him upon awakening in the middle of a conflagration. One of his most marked characteristics, Mrs. Dyckman says, was a great fear of accidents and sudden injury. He rode back and forth on his car. The sudden realization that he was at last actually in great peril, Mrs. Dyckman thinks, unbalanced his mind.

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RESENTED TO BE HANGED.

Hopes of Commutation Fall Three New Jersey Murderers.

Joseph Marmo of Newark, who was convicted of the murder of Nunzio Marinano on August 28 last, and appealed from sentence of death to the Court of Errors and Appeals, was resentenced yesterday to be hanged on April 26. The latter court having dismissed the writ which acted as a stay in his case from the date in November last appointed for the execution of the death sentence.

PATKINSON, N. J., March 25.—Arthur Laster and Joseph Miller, the negro murderers, were resentenced to be hanged April 11, 1905, by the New Jersey Supreme Court. The condemned men's counsel, through mistaking the time of Justice Pitney's arrival, were not present.

Laster shot Max Volenberg, a Main street merchant, on June 30 last, in front of the latter's store. He was chased to the Prentiss Mountains and captured in a farmer's house. Miller stabbed a boy named Stewart of Haskell to death at his home.

MADDOO AND SPECIAL POLICE.

Regrets That Some One Used His Explanation as an Advertising Opportunity.

Police Commissioner McCadoo gave out a typewritten reply, yesterday, to misrepresentations of his position in regard to the extension of special police privileges to societies. He said:

"The statement which I made yesterday, when I denied the application of the New York Association for Household Research for special police powers, was intended solely to convey the idea that I did not deny the application because of any demerit on the part of the association, but on general principles, which were stated."

"I had no intention of advertising any society, indeed, I had no special sympathy for any society in mind. I regret that the statement has been twisted into an opportunity to get some advertising for certain well-known persons."

There is no one in New York who has more respect and sympathy for the many humane philanthropic, patriotic and aid societies that exist in this city than I have. I am always glad to help them, both officially and personally."

Robert T. Hicks's Will.

The will of Robert T. Hicks was filed in the Surrogate's office, Brooklyn, yesterday. Mr. Hicks died at his home, 122 Hicks street, recently. His estate, which is said to be large, is left to his daughter, Helen M. Hicks, and her children and to the children of his deceased son, Gilbert K. Hicks.

To Advertise for the Sale of Barge Canal Bonds.

ALBANY, March 25.—State Comptroller Kelsey will advertise on Monday for the sale of \$2,000,000 of the canal improvement bonds. These bonds will bear interest at 3 per cent., payable semi-annually, and will be received until noon April 20.

Speaking of

Noses

WE always form impressions from personal appearances.

Aside from clothes, the features impress us most forcibly.

The nose is the most prominent feature. One who has a red nose may be a real prohibitionist, but whether he is or not he is handicapped—financially, professionally, socially.

Woodbury cures Red Noses. He changes the complexion of noses and improves their shape.

John H. Woodbury D. I.
Consultation is free and private.
22 West 23d St., New York.

THE RIVERS RISING.

Floods Expected in the Adirondack Region—The Mohawk Bank High.

SARATOGA, March 25.—A flood is expected in the lower Adirondack region, the result of the rapidly melting snows and the heavy rainstorm that made its appearance late last night and is still in full force this morning. The upper Hudson, the Sacandaga, the Schoharie and other rivers and lakes are overflowing their banks. The temperature is above the freezing point and there is no cold wave to check the rushing surface waters.

AMSTERDAM, March 25.—The ice gorge in the Mohawk River at Alton gave way this afternoon and the ice moved down the river for about three miles, where it blocked in. The river has been rising rapidly since afternoon and to-night, and water has entered the lower floors of some of the mills along the stream. Some of the streets in the fifth ward of this city are inundated, and cellars of dwellings are flooded because of the overflow of the Chuctanunda Creek, which is due to a stoppage of a culvert under the Erie Canal which carries the water into the Mohawk River. West of Tribes Hill the ice in the Mohawk River is still intact, but may give way before morning, as the stream is rising rapidly. The ice is between two and three feet thick.

BINGHAMTON, March 25.—The Susquehanna and Chenango rivers rose about six feet last night. The Chenango now about seven feet below high water mark. A heavy rain fell during the night, but to-day is one of bright sunshine, and it is believed the crest of the flood is nearly reached. All the ice in the rivers above here is believed to have gone out.

FLOOD MENACES WILKESBARRE.

Heavy Rain Swell the Susquehanna Above the Danger Line.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 25.—The Susquehanna River, swollen by the heavy rains of yesterday, overflowed its banks to-day and to-night has reached a point twenty-three feet above low water mark and six feet above the danger line.

The water is still rising at the rate of three inches an hour and the Weather Bureau predicts it will have reached twenty-five feet by noon to-morrow. A number of residents along the low lands left their homes to-day. The latter part of the city of Plymouth, Westmore and South Wilkesbarre are flooded and there is danger that the Pennsylvania, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the Lehigh Valley railroads will be flooded.

TEA GOWNS, NEGLIGES AND HOUSE ROBES.

including Paris Models.

(Department on Second Floor.)

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B. Altman & Co.

THE Spring and Summer Stocks, which are now offered

in completed form, represent the most desirable new productions in fine Dress Fabrics, Laces and Garnitures, suitable